Mr. *POPE's*

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ON

St. *CECILIA's* Day.

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FOR

MUSICK.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT, at the *Croſs-Keys* in *Fleetſtreet.* 1713.

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FOR

MUSICK.

I.

DEſcend ye Nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing Inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into Voice each ſilent String,
And ſweep the ſounding Lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing Strain
Let the warbling Lute complain:

Let the loud Trumpet ſound,
Till the Roofs all around
The ſhrill Ecchos rebound:
While in more lengthen'd Notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtick, ſolemn Organs blow.
Hark! the Numbers, ſoft and clear,
Gently ſteal upon the Ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe,
And fill with ſpreading Sounds the Skies;
Exulting in Triumph now ſwell the bold Notes,
In broken Air, trembling, the wild Muſick floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The Strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying Fall.

II.

By Muſick, Minds an equal Temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the Breaſt tumultuous Joys ariſe,
Muſick her ſoft, aſſuaſive Voice applies;

Or when the Soul is preſs'd with Cares
Exalts her in enlivening Airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated Sounds;
Pours Balm into the bleeding *Lover*'s Wounds:
At Muſick, *Melancholy* lifts her Head;
Dull *Morpheus* rowzes from his Bed;
Sloath from its Lethargy awakes,
And lift'ning *Envy* drops her Snakes;
Inteſtine War no more our *Paſſions* wage,
Ev'n giddy *Factions* hear away their Rage.

III.

But when our Country's Cauſe provokes to Arms,
How martial Muſick every Boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold Veſſel dar'd the Seas,
High on the Stern the *Thracian* rais'd his Strain,
While *Argo* ſaw her kindred Trees
Deſcend from *Pelion* to the Main.
Tranſported Demi-Gods ſtood round,
And Men grew Heroes at the Sound,
Enflam'd with Glory's Charms:

Each

Each Chief his ſevenfold Shield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining Blade;
And Seas, and Rocks, and Skies rebound
To Arms, to Arms, to Arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' Infernal Bounds
Which flaming *Phlegeton* ſurrounds,
Sad *Orpheus* ſought his Conſort loſt;
Th' Inexorable Gates were barr'd,
And nought was ſeen, and nought was heard
Around the dreary Coaſt,
But dreadful Gleams,
Diſmal Screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of Woe,
Sullen Moans,
Hollow Groans,
And Cries of tortur'd Ghoſts.
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden Lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd Ghoſts reſpire,
See ſhady Forms advance!

Thy

Thy Stone, O *Syſiphus*, ſtands ſtill;
Ixion reſts upon his Wheel,
And the pale Spectres dance!
The Furies ſink upon their Iron Beds,
And Snakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their Heads.

V.

By the Streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant Winds that blow
O'er th' *Elyſian* Flowers,
By thoſe happy Souls who dwell
In Yellow Meads of *Aſphodel*,
Or *Amaranthine* Bowers:
By the Heroe's armed Shades
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy Glades,
By the Youths that dy'd for Love,
Wandring in the Myrtle Grove,
Reſtore, reſtore *Eurydice* to Life;
Oh take the Husband, or return the Wife.

He ſung; and Hell conſented
To hear the Poet's Pray'r;

Stern *Proſerpine* relented,
And gave him back the Fair.
Thus Song could prevail
O'er Death and o'er Hell,
A Conqueſt how hard and how glorious?
Tho' Fate had faſt bound her
With *Styx* nine times round her,
Yet Muſick and Love were Victorious.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the Lover turns his Eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal Siſters move?
No Crime was thine, if 'tis no Crime to love.
Now under hanging Mountains,
Beſide the Falls of Fountains,
Or where *Hebrus* wanders,
Rolling in *Mæanders*,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his Moan;
And calls her Ghoſt
For ever, ever, ever loſt!

Now

Now with Furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt *Rhodope*'s Snows:
See, wild as the Winds, o'er the Deſart he flies;
Hark! *Hæmus* reſounds with the *Bacchanals* Cries—
—Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in Death *Eurydice* he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his Tongue,
Eurydice the Woods,
Eurydice the Floods,
Eurydice the Rocks, and hollow Mountains rung.

VII.

Muſick the fierceſt Griefs can charm,
And Fate's ſevereſt Rage diſarm:
Muſick can ſoften Pain to Eaſe,
And make Deſpair and Madneſs pleaſe:
Our Joys below it can improve,
And antedate the Bliſs above.
This the Divine *Cecilia* found,
And to her Maker's Praiſe confin'd the Sound.

When

When the full Organ joins the tuneful Quire,
The Immortal Pow'rs incline their Ear;
Born on the ſwelling Notes our Souls aſpire,
While ſolemn Airs improve the ſacred Fire;
And Angels lean from Heav'n to hear!
Of *Orpheus* now no more let Poets tell,
To bright *Cecilia* greater Pow'r is giv'n;
His Numbers rais'd a Shade from Hell,
Hers lift the Soul to Heav'n.

FINIS.